

terial at hand, we were soon in good shape to receive the enemy, in case he should attempt to attack us. After getting fixed, the time hung heavy on our hands. All sorts of reports came to us. We heard firing away to our right, and speculation was indulged in as to what the result was.

My company was put upon the picket-line with instructions to remain one hour, then retire. This was at 4 o'clock. The line was very strong. The intervals between the men were but two yards. We lay down, and with the loose stone built something like protection for ourselves.



HE WAS A SPLENDID SOLDIER.

It was very still. A little creek ran along in front of us, and we were told the enemy was just on the other side; the brush was very thick, and we could see nothing. The men were very anxious. They all knew that at the expiration of one hour we were to fall back. What did it mean? Some thought we were left to give the alarm of an advance and be gobbled by the enemy.

As I passed along the line anxious inquiries as to the time were made. The Lieutenant was much concerned as any of us, and to relieve the suspense would have been glad to give the order to retire, but he was too good a soldier to shorten the time one minute.

THE EXCITEMENT BECAME INTENSE. We watched the banks of the creek opposite, expecting every moment to see the enemy burst through the brush on a rapid advance. But to our relief none came, and when the time had expired the company was deployed as skirmishers and marched back over the ground we had occupied.

We found the regiment had gone. We passed where there had been some fighting the day before, and found details of men breaking up the guns scattered over the place. They would grasp them by the stock and strike the muzzle upon the ground, breaking them at the small of the stock.

This was an indication that we were abandoning the ground. We moved to the river, and crossing over found our regiment just preparing to go into camp. We joined, and made coffee, which, with some hardtack, we managed to get quite a supper.

It began to rain soon after getting well fixed for sleep, and the ground soon became a mudhole. It rained all night, and the next morning we moved over the same ground we had occupied the day before, across the creek, where we had been on picket, and over the enemy's temporary works, which they deserted as we advanced, and into a large field.

The corps was formed in this field in column of divisions, there being three divisions. There were three lines of battle, which presented a

MAGNIFICENT SIGHT. Our position was in the first line, on the extreme left, which was on the highest point in the field, and which gave us the opportunity to see every organization in the formation. Regiments, brigades, and divisions were formed as prescribed by Casey's Tactics. The bright colors of the flags and the uniforms of the general officers and their staffs, and the long lines of men, were spread out like a grand panorama before us. I think Gen. Casey would have been highly gratified to see the beautiful picture his system of tactical formation produced that day.

The action opened by our skirmishers, who encountered the enemy in the woods on our front. Three companies on the left of each line of battle were thrown



I COULD FEEL THE WIND OF THE MISSILES AS THEY SWIFT BY ME.

back, connecting with the next line in the rear, so forming a line to protect the left flank. The artillery soon came into play on both sides, and for a time the commanding was terrific. At first the enemy were sending their missiles over and beyond us, but they soon got our range and exploded their shells directly over us. We were lying down, and becoming tired of hugging the ground so close, I had partly raised myself, and was watching the effects of the connoade, when a shell exploded in our immediate front, scattering its fragments upon us. We were lying in the angle formed by the front and flank lines, and in consequence a larger space was occupied by the men. The effect of the shell was

much more serious than it would have been on any other part of the line. One or two men were killed and several wounded, myself among the latter, a fragment having struck my under jaw, badly shattering it.

Seeing I was seriously hurt, the Lieutenant commanding ordered me to the rear.

At this time the enemy had run out a battery of artillery on our left flank, and about the time I started to the rear they opened a heavy enfilading fire. As I ran back I thought every gun was aimed at me. They fired three volleys before I reached cover. I could hear and feel the wind of the missiles as they swept by me. It was a great wonder I escaped.

A cavalryman who was one of the provost-guard came out from his cover behind a hill to investigate me, but the fire of the battery was too heavy for him, and he gave up the attempt. I passed Gen. Burnside at his Headquarters, which was a large house. Just then the battery began to send him their compliments, but the General soon checked that by bringing a squad of about 300 prisoners in view. The artillerymen soon turned their guns in another direction.

I found an ambulance at the river, and by this time I had become so weak from loss of blood I could hardly walk. The ambulance carried me to the division field hospital, which was established at a large plantation. All the buildings were occupied by the Surgeons, and all sorts of contrivances were improvised to protect the wounded, who were obliged to stay out of doors from the rain. A newspaper reporter was at the gate, who took the name, rank, and regiment of all who came. Soon the men began to come in.

AMBULANCE LOADS and on foot, until it seemed a greater part of the corps was wounded and getting to the hospital. Among them were many of my regiment.

It began to grow dark. The Surgeons were working like beavers by the light of flickering candles. The legs and arms they were amputating accumulated in piles. The grounds were covered with wounded men, groaning, swearing, delirious. A noticeable thing was that all who were brought out of the Surgeons' quarters were very still; cholera form is a good quieting agent.

In the morning many who had been operated upon were found dead. I shall never forget the horrors of that night in the field hospital. As soon as it could be got ready, an ambulance train was loaded with those who could



SCATTERING ITS FRAGMENTS UPON US, not walk, and started for Fredericksburg, accompanied by those of the wounded strong enough to travel on foot. We soon struck the plank-road, from which the planks had been removed except every third one. There was, owing to the heavy rains, no way for the ambulances except over this road. The mud was so deep it was almost impossible to travel, and the sufferings of the poor fellows who had to ride were terrible.

At Fredericksburg we took possession of the buildings that were best adapted for hospital use, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The next day we were notified that all who could walk should start for Belle Plain, a distance of 10 miles, where we would find transportation for Washington. All who were able were soon on the way. Those whose feet and legs were good soon distanced the others, and in a short time the men were

STRENGTH OUT FOR MILES. Within a mile of our destination several thousand prisoners were corralled in a depression in the ground and guarded by several batteries of artillery and a regiment of infantry. The guns were loaded with grape and canister and the gunners at their posts, ready to send death into the mass if an attempt should be made at a revolt.

On arriving at Belle Plain I found the Sanitary and Christian Commissions agents had established depots for the relief of the wounded. Coffee, tea, milk-punch were there for the comfort of the inner man, besides shirts, stockings, bandages and supplies of all kinds. Nurses dressed the wounds of the men. As soon as we were provided for we were directed to two steamers at the end of a long wharf.

On our arrival at Washington there awaited us a short ride in the ambulance to Lincoln Hospital, a bath, clean clothes, a clean bed and a long-needed rest.

IN MEMORIAM—A STRAGGLER OF '63

By ALBERT C. HOPKINS, ROT SPRINGER, S. D.
Beside the line of march of '63,
I find a lonely, sunken grave, unmarked;
Yet well I know the soldier sleeping here;
A comrade brave as any hero dead.
O'er living, foot-sore, weary, fallen out
With leave, at rest so well he lies no sound
Of falling summer winds, nor fiercest shriek
Of the November blast.

No glory of
A bloody field is 'round about him, but
The grass grows green, and grateful trees still woo
The breeze to murmur sweet words to him. "Rest,
Brave comrade, sleep and rest." And still, above
The drifting snows, the winter winds about
His monument is highest in all hearts;
His fame is bright with laurel, for all time.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



J. LAURENCE HORN BROOK.

Stedman's world-famed Hippodrome and Menagerie (which, as might be gathered from the flaring posters that enlivened the dead-walls of the town, had been patronized by several of the crowned heads of Europe) was about to honor Littlethorpe with a visit. Not that, in an ordinary way, the proprietor of this regal show would have deemed Littlethorpe worthy of such a distinction; but, as he took care to give out, it was a convenient halting-place between the two important centers. Therefore, with the triple object of resting his horses, holding a couple of full-dress rehearsals, and affording the inhabitants a treat of a lifetime, he decided upon a one-day's sojourn. On the part, the public in general displayed a due appreciation of his laudable intentions, and prepared to accord the show a vociferous welcome.

In the early hours of the morning, the great, cumbersome wagons, plentifully begrimed with mud, rumbled through the streets, and filled off by one by one toward the market-place. The faded pictorial emblems which adorned the sides, representing riderless horses careering through the air, and ladies—whose fantastic garb somewhat reminded one of the natural characteristics of an ostrich—alighting on the bare backs of the fiery steeds, evoked much wondering comment among those who witnessed the procession from the neighboring windows.

By 10 o'clock two enormous tents, one circular, the other oblong, were struggling to maintain their upright position in the face of a pretty stiff breeze, which threatened every moment to level them to the ground. Strings of horses, spotted and speckled like the patriarch Jacob's kine, were led down to the river, followed by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd. The members of the equestrian troupe wandered off through the town in search of breakfast, and judging by the roar of applause that issued from the zoological section of the show, as erstwhile king of the forest was clamoring loudly for his.



HE LAY STRETCHED FACE DOWNWARD ON A PILE OF STRAW.

Punctually at noon the grand mid-day procession set out to parade the streets, in all the splendor of gold and silver tinsel, waving banners, and tawdry flags, accompanied by the bare and crash of a brass band. The market-place was deserted save for one or two swartly attendants, who loomed in and out of the tents. Occasionally, above the distant strains of the band, could be heard a frantic shout of delight from the multitude who witnessed the procession.

The oblong tent was set apart for the menagerie. Inside, the close, fetid atmosphere seemed to have a drowsy effect upon the solitary custodian, for he lay stretched face downward on a pile of straw in the corner, his head pillowed upon his arms. The great breath of back, the gift and many hardships of his powerful limbs, proclaimed him to be a veritable Hercules. He was none other than the renowned and much-advertised lion-tamer, Signor Petro Farrelli; otherwise, plain Peter Farrelli.

At the farther end of the tent stood a long cage, the caper of being divided into two compartments by means of a sliding barrier. It contained the lions. Gaunt, skinny, hungry-looking brutes they were, the bones sticking out sharply through their tawny hides. From end to end of the cage they moped, in a ceaseless, monotonous tramp, like restless spirits who had been kept at once by hunger or so one of them would rear up his head, suddenly and glare through the bars, as if contemplating an imaginary crowd, and then resume his weary round.

The Polar bear seemed to vie with them as to the extent of ground he could cover, but the brown specimen of the bear, whose haunches looked decidedly mournful out of sorts. Signor Farrelli slept through it all. An occasional growl or a snarl did not appear to disturb the quietude of his slumber. But when the two hyenas became engaged in a lively discussion over the thigh-bone of a horse, he raised his massive head, and glowered around the tent with sleepless eyes.

With a sudden twist of the body he rolled over on his back, and for some minutes lay there contemplating the glittering canvas overhead. Then he indulged in a mighty yawn, shook himself, and set straight. A listless sort of way he plucked a straw from the heap, and began toying with it indolently. His manner was thoughtful and preoccupied; it almost seemed as if he had something on his mind—something, perhaps, which had been suggested to him by his sleep.

Having given the matter, whatever it was, five minutes' grave consideration, he dismissed it with an impatient "Pshaw!" and sprang to his feet. Lounging across the tent, he went up and stood before a cage which contained the latest addition to the menagerie, a black lion, a magnificent, full-grown specimen of this somewhat rare variety, known to be the most ferocious of the whole species. Farrelli had been trying his hand at taming the brute; but as yet, though his reckless daring often prompted him to foolishly feel, he had never succeeded in taming the cage for more than a second or two at a time.

Striding up and down, with the stealthy, gliding motion of a cat, the fierce beast kept his head persistently turned toward the man, and regarded him with savage, blinking eyes. With his face close to the bars, Farrelli watched every movement of the animal, as if each had a significance which he alone understood. Then he seemed to drop back into a reverie; and in this fit of abstraction he commenced striking idly at the panther with the stick in his hand.

A loud shout outside, the cracking of whips and rattle of wagons, announced the return of the procession. The lion-tamer swung round on his heel, and stalked off to prepare for the afternoon performance. As he moved away the black panther stood still, with head erect, and glared after him in a way that suggested implacable hatred.

An hour or so later, the tent was densely packed from end to end. When Farrelli appeared on the scene, armed with his short whip, and marched boldly up to the lions' head, he was hissed and growled at. He proceeded to lash the cowed brutes round and round the cage, made them leap through hoops of fire, and perform other surprising feats, all of which elicited shouts of applause from the multitude. The display soon suggested to him the idea of a "lion hunt," in which there was a tremendous flashing and banging of pistols, and a wild skurry on the part of the beasts to get into the corners.

When it was all over, and the tamer had backed out of the cage, the manager mounted the steps to address the crowd. He extended a cordial invitation to all present to attend the performance that evening, promising

them that, among other marvellous attractions, they would witness an extraordinary and unique feat of daring on the part of the celebrated Signor Petro Farrelli. He worked upon their curiosity, there was scarcely a man or woman in the assembly who did not resolve to avail themselves of the opportunity, even if it cost them their last sixpence.

In the interval, after the animals had been fed, Farrelli wandered into the deserted tent, and again approached the cage of the black panther. Somehow, it seemed as if an irresistible impulse drew him to that spot. It was growing dark now, and in the gloom he could just distinguish the red glare of the creature's eyes as it crouched down in a corner.

"Hallo! Signor Petro," cried someone behind him. "Taking stock of that beauty, eh?"

Farrelli turned round sharply, and found himself face-to-face with the ring-master, Mark Radford, the only member of the whole troupe with whom he was upon any sort of intimate terms.

"You're not afraid of him, are you?" continued Radford, pointing to the dark recess in which the panther lay.

"Afraid? No!" returned Petro, contemptuously. "I've got the mastery over him already. I can over him with my eye. Besides," he went on, vehemently, "if he cuts up rough, I could strangle the brute before he had time to get his claws into me. Oh, no; it isn't the panther that I mind; but—"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid of that woman!"

"What woman?"

"Come outside, Mark, said Farrelli, taking his friend by the arm, as if impelled to confide in him. "I'll tell you the whole story right off, and then you can judge whether I have cause to feel a bit uneasy about the panther."

They strolled out of the tent arm in arm. Two or three flaring naphtha lamps, suspended from poles, threw a broad fringe of light around the entrance, glimmering faintly upon a row of intent, eager faces in the background. The two men turned aside, and wandered off into the darkness. When they came to the low wall which bounded the market-place, Farrelli stood still and listened. Then, as if assured that they were alone, he seated himself upon the edge of the wall and commenced his story.

"You remember that fellow Vallard, Mark?" he said, with a seriousness that convinced the other there was something startling disclosure coming.

"Should think I do," replied Radford; "Rowdy Vallard," we used to call him. A good bare-back rider, but a desperately cantankerous, quarrelsome sort of fellow. He left us very suddenly, too, and no one seemed to know what became of him."

"Yes," muttered Farrelli, "that's so. Well," he went on, sternly, "you'll hear now what befell him. When we were running the show up in York last winter, I had the ill-luck to fall foul of that man Vallard. It was about a girl. I had noticed her hanging around the circus for two or three days, wanted to become a rider, or something of the kind. I managed to strike up an acquaintance with her. She told me her name was Florence Mayhew, and bit by bit it came out that she had a sweetheart in the show. But for the life of me, though I kept nagging at her about it, I couldn't get her to say which of us it was. I thought of you, Mark; it struck me that a good-looking, six-foot-chap like you was just the sort of fellow to take a girl's fancy. And, as I brooded over this notion, I believe I was almost beginning to hate you."

"Stuff and nonsense, old man!" interposed Radford. "I never set eyes upon this north-country lass of yours, to my knowledge."

"I know, I know," Farrelli replied, hastily. "I was mistaken: got on an entirely wrong scent. One night, when the performance was over, I set out for a quiet ramble through the streets. I wandered on through slums and alleys, until I got down close to the river."

"It was a dismal and deserted spot. As I looked around, I saw a man and a woman on a bench. The man was tall, dark, and well-dressed. I saw what that fellow Vallard was up to. Good heavens! Mark, it gave me a creepy sort of feeling in spite of myself. No one but a woman could have hit upon such an extraordinary way of gratifying her malice, and set about it in this cold-blooded fashion."

"What was it?" demanded Radford, with an eagerness which showed a deep interest in Farrelli's singular story.

"Just this: I needed tell you that when a man steps in among the lions he requires to have all his wits about him. It is a ticklish business, no matter what people may say. Your eyes must be in each corner of the cage at the same time, watching every twist and turn of the brutes. If your attention should be drawn off for a single instant you are done for! And that is what the woman was trying to do!"

He got off the wall, took his friend by the arm, and the two began pacing slowly up and down.

"If you had known her, Mark," he went on, thoughtfully, "you wouldn't wonder at her doing a thing of this kind. You see, it was an easy way of seeking to revenge herself upon me; all she had to do was to watch and wait. She must have felt that the very fact of keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon me night after night was bound to take effect sooner or later. And she was right. More than once I caught myself on the very point of looking round at her. I knew she was waiting for me, and I was dragging at me from the moment I entered the cage—and every night it seemed to be growing stronger."

"What did you do to get rid of her?"

"Nothing. At first, in a sudden burst of rage, I made up my mind to wait for her outside the cage, and to fight with her, and to strangle her on the spot. Then something prompted me to fight it out with her, and not give her the satisfaction of knowing that she had got the better of me in any way. I have stuck to that ever since; and this silent, deadly struggle is still going on between that woman and myself. How it will end, God only knows."

"I took a smart turn of a mile or two along by the river for I felt a bit tired, and wanted to walk it off. I was coming back slowly, not minding much how I went, when I came upon a huge pile of timber stacked up on the bank. Just as I passed, a man sprang out upon me with a knife in his hand. It was Vallard. He made a savage blow at me, but I managed to twist myself out of the way in the nick of time, and let him have a heavy right-hander in return."

"He dropped the knife and reeled back as if half strangled. His heel caught in a stray log; he tried to keep his feet, clawing at the ground with his hands as he lay swayed over the brink. Then, before I could reach him, down he went into the river!"

"I rushed to the side and peered over. He must have gone to the bottom like a stone, or else the current whirled him away out of sight, for I never set eyes on him again."

again. I tore up and down the bank, shouting for help, but there wasn't a soul within hearing. I stood still to listen for a cry from the drowning man. The only sound that reached my ears was the rushing and gurgling of the water.

"I gave up the search at last, and went home considerably sobered. The rest of that night I sat in my room thinking the matter out. I came to the conclusion there was nothing to be gained by making a fuss over it, and determined to keep my own counsel."

"A day or two later the girl turned up at the show, and began to make inquiries about Vallard. One evening I happened to meet her; she stopped and looked at me—and upon my word, Mark, I never got a worse look from any of those savage brutes over there. I believe she partly guessed that I had a hand in her lover's disappearance."

"Shortly after that we went on tour, and I was beginning to think I had got out of the mess unscathed, when I never heard of Vallard's body being recovered; there was no mention of the affair in the papers, and the whole thing seemed to have blown over quietly."

"One night—it was at Huddersfield, I remember—when I went into the tent, ready for my turn, the first person I laid eyes on was Florence Mayhew. What on earth brought her there? I wondered. She was standing in the front row, just like an ordinary spectator, but it was easy to see by her looks she had some special reason of her own for being present. All the time I was in the cage with the lions I felt that those dark eyes of hers were glued upon me. I didn't mind it much at first—thought it was only some strange whim on her part, for women sometimes take queer fancies into their heads, you know, Mark."

"But the very next night she was there again, watching me like that black panther did a while ago. The strange part of it was she seemed anxious to avoid me the moment my performance with the lions was over. I couldn't for the life of me make out what she was up to; it worried me; and, to tell the truth, Mark, I didn't altogether like the look of it."

"I moved on to another town. Well, I was done with the girl now, at any rate, I told myself. Not at all! She turned up at the evening performance, went through the same part, and disappeared. Next day the show was at Stalybridge, and Florence Mayhew was there, too. Night after night, no matter where we went, she came and stood in front of the lions' cage, never addressing a word to anyone, but watching me through the bars as if that was all she had to live for."

"I tell you, Mark, her presence there every night was beginning to have a queer effect on me. It was like that trick of letting water drip onto your head—you just think nothing of it at first; you feel quite sure you can stand it all right; but you cave in mighty soon, for all that."

"I was getting to dread that girl, because I knew she had a grudge against me; and women generally have a queer way of revenge themselves. What she was driving at, what her motive was in following me about from town to town, was a constant worry to me. To be haunted in this fashion, without having the faintest notion of what it meant, is bound to tell upon you in the long run. I was completely in the dark; I saw what that fellow Vallard was up to. When this sort of thing had been going on regularly week after week I felt that I must get at the bottom of it somehow. I sat down in the tent one night after the performance was over, determined to puzzle the matter out. Bit by bit I got at the truth. I understood the meaning of it all now. I saw what that devil was up to. Good heavens! Mark, it gave me a creepy sort of feeling in spite of myself. No one but a woman could have hit upon such an extraordinary way of gratifying her malice, and set about it in this cold-blooded fashion."

"What was it?" demanded Radford, with an eagerness which showed a deep interest in Farrelli's singular story.

"Just this: I needed tell you that when a man steps in among the lions he requires to have all his wits about him. It is a ticklish business, no matter what people may say. Your eyes must be in each corner of the cage at the same time, watching every twist and turn of the brutes. If your attention should be drawn off for a single instant you are done for! And that is what the woman was trying to do!"

He got off the wall, took his friend by the arm, and the two began pacing slowly up and down.

"If you had known her, Mark," he went on, thoughtfully, "you wouldn't wonder at her doing a thing of this kind. You see, it was an easy way of seeking to revenge herself upon me; all she had to do was to watch and wait. She must have felt that the very fact of keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon me night after night was bound to take effect sooner or later. And she was right. More than once I caught myself on the very point of looking round at her. I knew she was waiting for me, and I was dragging at me from the moment I entered the cage—and every night it seemed to be growing stronger."

"What did you do to get rid of her?"

"Nothing. At first, in a sudden burst of rage, I made up my mind to wait for her outside the cage, and to fight with her, and to strangle her on the spot. Then something prompted me to fight it out with her, and not give her the satisfaction of knowing that she had got the better of me in any way. I have stuck to that ever since; and this silent, deadly struggle is still going on between that woman and myself. How it will end, God only knows."

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"But why the devil don't you have her turned out?" cried Radford, vehemently. "No, Mark," replied the other, with a cold decision; "I have put my wits against her; and, call it obstinacy, perversity—anything you like, but I won't budge from that. This thing is bound to run its course now, and will last until one or other of us caves in."

"Well, Peter, if I were in your place, I'd be long sorry to risk my life in this way, merely for the sake of spitting a woman."

"Perhaps so; but, my dear fellow, there are no two of us alike. After all, you must remember, Mark, it was by my hand her lover met his death—though it was done in self-defense—and I won't deprive her of the chance of requiring me for it, if she can. I can pretty well defy her so long as I stick to the lions only; I've got such a hold over her by this time that I feel fairly at home



"MAN AND BEAST ROLLED TOGETHER ON THE FLOOR."

with them. But the next night it falls to my lot to enter one of the other cages, where I'm not at all so sure of my ground, and have to watch every twist of the tail, every blink of the eye, it will be quite a different matter then. That's the reason I don't feel easy in my mind about the panther. And do you know, Mark," he added, pulling his companion up suddenly, "it's a queer idea, but when I watch that creature growling about his cage, it almost seems to me as if the woman had bewitched him. They both appear to regard me with the same deadly enmity; he looks at me exactly as she does."

"Peter," said his friend, sententiously, "you're not yourself at all. You let this thing prey upon your mind too much. What you want is a good stiff dose of brandy. That will spirit you up, I'll be bound. So come along, and I'll administer the remedy."

The two men disappeared through the darkness, and did not return until they had pushed their way through the snoring crowd that swarmed around the tent. The hand had already struck up, and, thrilled by its strains, the people fought desperately for tickets. Excitement and expectation were in the air; Stedman's grand show was about to display its many attractions.

Farrelli parted from his friend, and each branched off to their respective tents. The circus took the lead in the entertainment; but the moment it was over there was a rush for the menagerie. The crowd seemed to think that the best part of the performance was yet to come; for lions, tigers, and hyenas were not seen every day in Littlethorpe.

The spacious tent was crammed to its utmost extent. The dromedary came in for a good deal of attention, and the wily elephant flared triumphantly upon biscuits and cakes. The greedy little eyes of the monkeys gleamed with delight at the many hands stretched out with nuts, while the brown bear devoured buns with befitting solemnity.

In the midst of the merriment there was a sudden lull, the crowd began to sway and surge forward toward the rope which was stretched across the further end of the tent. All eyes were turned in the direction of the direction of the lions. Signor Farrelli appeared upon the scene, his tight-fitting costume displaying to advantage his massive chest and the great swelling muscles of his powerful limbs.

He shot a keen, searching glance through the crowd in front of him, and with a loud cry, stepped briskly into the cage. He was greeted with a roar that shook the tent, and made the spectators feel they were getting good value for their money. The flashing and scurrying commenced; the lions growled and snarled, but Farrelli drove them round with his whip, and sent them backward and forward through the cage. The burning of red lights and flashing of firearms followed, at the conclusion of which the tamer emerged triumphantly from the cage.

The event of the evening was now about to take place. The spectators were prepared for something with a strong dash of danger in it; something that could be talked over with wonder and admiration for months afterward.

The manager mounted a stool, and, with a hand on each hip, proceeded to announce: "Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Farrelli will now perform a feat of daring hitherto unattempted by any tamer in Europe or America. In the cage to the left you see a specimen of the fierce black panther, or jaguar, an animal which, in its native state, roams the tangled forests of South America in search of its prey. Signor Farrelli will enter the panther's cage in your presence, and thereby demonstrate the dominion which man is capable of exercising over the most ferocious of the brute creation."

The assembly cheered; Signor Farrelli bowed. He whispered a few words to the manager, and moved away towards the cage. The panther was growling up and down, watching the crowd with a sort of wondering interest. As Farrelli approached, the beast paused in the midst of a stride, and glared at him defiantly. The tamer mounted the steps fearlessly, the spring lock of the door clicked, and the next second he had slipped into the cage.

With a savage growl the panther whisked round and crouched against the opposite wall. At one side stood the man, erect, motionless, undisturbed, in the full consciousness of his mighty strength and indomitable will; at the other the infuriated beast cowered, its body quivering with rage, the small ears laid flat with the head, and the tail lapping against the floor.

The spectators kept perfectly still, and looked on with bated breath. It allowed for something, but a motion would break